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EVENING.

Down the dim western heights the daylight dies,
And evening darkly gathers in the skies ;
Through deepening gloom, O Christ, let me abide
Close in the shadow of thy bleeding side.

SHOWS.

G.

WITH VARIATIONS.

BY

JAMES B. KENYON.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1880.



OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

A SONG.

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DEDICATION.

O THOU who, in the sacred name of wife,
Shalt garner good from all the years to be—
Twin of my heart, O thou who unto me
Shalt yield the perfect flower of thy life—
Take these poor songs, faint echoes of past years,
Sung in the ample light of this rich morn,
Where Hope keeps watch beside her latest born,
And Memory sits smiling through her tears.

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PRELUDE.

LIFE'S a lovely, lovely story,
If in life alone be love,
And the day is filled with glory,
And the night with stars above.

Not alone of sunny hours
Is made up the life of man ;
Humblest weeds and wayside flowers
Have a part in God's great plan.

There is naught on earth so lowly
But hath lessons it may teach
Of a life more high and holy,
Past the eloquence of speech.

Is the day dark?—on the morrow
There shall be new life to live :
He who knoweth most of sorrow
Knoweth best how to forgive.

A*

Who can mete the upward yearning
Of the flower to the sun ?
Who feels not the lovelight burning
Through the stars when day is done ?

Though the spring is ever fleeting,
And the summer hastes to go ;
Though o'er golden harvests meeting,
Autumn falls in winter's snow ;

Yet life's gains we cannot measure :
All the wealth may not be shown
Of the heart whose priceless treasure
Is of love, and love alone.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

PART I.—EVENING.

I.

A M O.

I do not know that I could love her more ;
I know that I could never love her less,
For none have ever felt her loveliness
Strike on their lives but that they did adore.
Where'er she goes there goes a light before,
And music in the motion of her dress ;
And in her voice is such rich tenderness,
That eyes unused to weeping must run o'er
With blissful tears to hear her when she sings.
Nor do I marvel much her harp doth sigh
With inward pain when she doth touch the strings,
For that it cannot weep, but only cry
Melodiously the rapture that she brings.
To free her lot from sorrow I would die !

II.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.

I OFTEN wonder, should I touch her hand,
If it would be like others I might clasp;
Or if it would not fail from out my grasp,
Unfelt and gradually as trickling sand:
Or if it would not burn me like a brand,
Or sharply sting as if I held an asp;
Or if I should not lose my breath and gasp,
That in her presence I should dare to stand.
But O, she seemeth me so far beyond,
That I dare never breathe her dear name, save
In holy sleep and dreams divinely fond,
Which to recall awake seems madly brave.
Alas! I feel indeed that I am bond
To her forever—though a willing slave.

III.

A PORTRAITURE.

I.

SHE's very fair, and in her eyes
Her gentle spirit lies asleep,
Still as a star in evening skies
Mirrored by an untroubled deep.

II.

The ruddy ripeness of her lip,
The rounded beauty of her cheek,
Mark her, of all, Eve's fairest slip,
The queenliest yet most proudly meek.

III.

I know she hath the stateliest form
That e'er was clothed with maiden grace,
And ne'er was neck more white and warm,
And ne'er was a more perfect face.

IV.

To type her brow, so saintly white,
There's not a flower howso rare,
And all the glories of the night
Meet in the rich hue of her hair.

V.

She wills to be not wholly known ;
For, ever drawn into her rest,
With livelier tint and lovelier tone,
One knows not when she pleaseth best.

VI.

Her ways are winning, yet I think
She hath than all a nobler art—
Those virtues, sweeter far, that link
The angel to the woman's heart.

VII.

And thus I find her truer worth
In that which good alone hath given ;
A tender being of the earth,
But breathing the fine air of heaven.

IV.

REMBRANDTESQUE.

A PURPLE passion-flower at her feet,
And on her bosom a white lily lies ;
And in the shadowy depth of her soft eyes
Her placid spirit lieth fair and sweet.
The shifting hues that o'er her features fleet
Are radiant of love's impassioned dyes,
And where the curves of shining shoulders rise
Her glossy locks in tangled ringlets meet.
Her faultless lips are parted in a song,
The words whereof are hard to understand
As a dead language or an unknown tongue,
And yet I know it must be something grand.
But if I say not this I do her wrong :
She is the loveliest lady in the land.

V.

ON GUARD.

I.

SHE's sweet and fair, but is not true,
And that, you know, is cause to rue,
For who would woo a fickle maid—
Would you ?

II.

She has bright eyes, but they deceive ;
That too, you know, is cause to grieve,
For so in her none ever can
Believe.

III.

Her lips are very ripe and red,
And lips are sweet, you know, *'tis said* ;
But I would rather have her heart
Instead.

IV.

Or rather I would have them both,
For with the lips, you know, the troth
Is plighted, when the true heart is
Not loth.

V.

Fie! I'll not fall into the net;
She's nothing but a slight coquette,
And those, you know, 'twere better to
Forget.

VI.

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE VASTNESS
OF THE SEA.

My love is like the vastness of the sea,
As deep as life, as high as heaven is high,
And pure as an unclouded summer sky,
And as enduring as eternity.
My love is that which was, and is to be,
Which knows no change, and which can never
die;
Which all the wealth of Ophir could not buy,
Yet free to *one* as light and air is free.
O Love, thou putt'st to shame the nightingale;
Thy lips, like bees, are fraught with hydromel;

Than lilies are thy bosom is more pale ;
Thy words are sweeter than a silver bell :
Yet time from thee thy beauties shall estrange ;
But this my love can never suffer change.

VII.

FLOWER AND THORN.

LIKE some rare flower of perfume divine
That bloomed beneath a garden hedge unseen,
Till favored hands by chance thrust back the
screen,

And happy eyes saw its proud beauty shine ;
So did I find thee, O thou Love of mine !

The fairest maid that ever walked the green
Glad earth, and regal as a Roman queen,
And lovely as a rose incarnadine.

O Love, I found thee, and my heart was glad
Of summer-tide ; but I forgot—ah, vain !—
That brightest blooms with sharpest thorns are
clad.

I cried, “ O beautiful ! ” and sought to gain
Thee from thy solitude, when o’er my mad,
Wild ardor I felt love’s most cruel pain !

VIII.
THE STATUE.

I.

I KNOW not if it be the odorous air,
Or yonder royal lily's stately height,
Or if it be the tinkling fountain bright
In the midsummer moonlight sleeping there;
I know not, Love, if these have any share
In turning all my thoughts to thee to-night.

II.

There in the dusk stands pale Mnemosyne,
One hand upon her brow, one on her heart
Pressed hard, as though she felt the cruel smart
Of some old wound afresh in memory:
Ah! now I know, Love, why I thought of thee;
Wan Memory feeleth how unkind thou art.

IX.

SIGN AND SYMBOL.

LOVE, love, love !

 The mystic voice of earth ;
The song whose sudden changes move
 From sorrow unto mirth.

Mark the symbol, mark the sign,
Beauty vain and youth divine ;

 A wingèd dart,
 A bleeding heart—

 Mortal hurts may never heal.
Vows forgotten, vows unspoken,
Broken bowl and pitcher broken,
 Loosened cord and shattered wheel !

Love, love, O love !

 The rapture and the wonder !
Evening star and morning bird,
Distant echo, dying word,
Stifled voice and song unheard,
 And lute-string snapt asunder !

X.

A FANTASY.

I.

A PASSION-FLOWER, a lily, and a dove;
A weary waste, heart hunger, and a thorn;
There, in the sunlight, far away, my Love
Beside the sea sits singing to the morn;
Here, in a lonely shadow-land, I move—
A silent shadow—hopeless and forlorn.

II.

O voice of song! O song amid the flowers!
O wanderer fainting 'mid the thorns and sand!
Through all the long, glad light of summer hours,
O Love, thou sittest singing on the strand;
See, in the darkness here thy lover cowers;
O lead him, Love, from out this lonely land!

XI.

UNDER THE SHADOWS.

COME, Love, and sit beside me where alone
I sit within the silent shadows here ;
Come, Love, come and drop with me tear for
tear,
And mingle with my moaning thy sad moan.
Come, Love, and take my hand within thine own,
And let me touch thy face and feel thee near,
And breathe thou on my brow, and in mine ear
Let fall the tender music of thy tone.
O Love, alone within this doleful gloom
Have I sat sorrowing since life's early morn
Lost in untimely blight its splendid bloom,
And all my soul with sullen grief is torn.
Come to me, Love, and lead me from my doom,
I am here in the darkness so forlorn !

XII.

D O O M.

LIKE a wan maiden sitting in the night
Beside her dying lover, while no sound
Breaks the oppressive silence brooding round,
Save as she yearns for morning's anxious light,
Her heart leaps up and listens with affright
To midnight footsteps falling on the ground :
So sits my soul in darkness as profound,
And hearkening expectant, marks the flight
Of time who, with vast pinions wide unfurled,
And broken scythe and shattered glass, sweeps
down
Across the utmost boundaries of the world,
Between his lips that dread trump yet unblown.
From out the sky each starry light is hurled,
And chaos is of darkness the dread crown !

INTERLUDE.

Not every king may wear a crown,
Nor kingly he alone
Whose heart beneath a purple gown
Throbs on the royal throne;
The kingliest spirits that have been
The world hath never known.

Not they who vaunt of lineage long,
And of their gentle blood,
Are peers to noble hearts and strong,
Or to the truly good;
Not all that wear a diadem
In courtly halls have stood.

And oft is staid deservèd meed,
And many the tales untold
Of high resolve and lordly deed
Would shame the knights of old;
That only angels chronicle
In characters of gold.

O wide is God's nobility,
Nor that which blood doth bind ;
The kinship of humanity—
The realm of heart and mind :
From lowliest walks of life have sprung
The flowers of humankind.

Yet there is hope, though here unknown
Through all the world they move ;
For them awaits a conqueror's throne ;
They shall be crowned above :
But, ah, how sad their lot who live
Uncrowned of woman's love !

PART II.—MIDNIGHT.

I. COMPLAINT.

I.

ANOTHER! O Christ, can it be!
Will another love better than I
Whose love is as deep as the fathomless sea,
And as steadfast as stars in the sky?
Will she graciously yield to another's plea?
Be coldly deaf to my joyless cry?
Folded forever away from me—
Ah, better it were to die!

II.

What could I give her more?
Nor time nor eternity
Can take or add to the boundless store
Of a love that never can die;



PART II.—THE SONG.

COMPOSITION.

Answer! O Christ, can it be
Will another love better than I
Whose love is as deep as the bottom of the sea,
And as steadfast as stone on the shore,
Will she graciously yield to another
Be coldly deaf to my joyless cry,
Be shut forever away from me,
Ah, better it were to die!

II.

Will you still love her more
Now that she is eternity
Christ, she is dead to the bones
O, how I wish I never could



MIDNIGHT.

LORD, while the darkness deepens o'er the land,
O hide me in the hollow of thy hand ;
Prone at thy feet my strengthless soul doth lie ;
Help of the helpless, help me or I die !

And yet she doth spurn it o'er and o'er,
With cruel scorn in her beautiful eye :
Like a shattered wreck on a lonely shore
My helpless soul doth lie.

III.

Crowned with a thorny crown,
Scourged and crucified !
Hope's frail blossoms, in beauty blown,
Crushed by the foot of pride !
Ah, better indeed, ere tears should drown
The light wherein life is glorified,
Under the sod to lay us down
And slumber side by side !

II.

M A R A H.

I.

YEA, Love ! mayhap 'twere better
If thou and I should hide
Our hearts away beneath the grass
Upon the green hill-side ;

And there with palms close folded
Above the peaceful breast,
Unheeded and unheeding,
Sleep on and take our rest.

II.

I know the Spring would blossom,
And birds still build and sing ;
That men would woo, and maidens wed,
And folly prune love's wing ;
But thou and I should slumber,
Though stars forever set,
Forgetting to remember,
Remembering to forget.

III.

SYMPATHY.

I STOOD at sunset on a gentle hill,
And saw the twilight shadows slowly fall
And darken o'er the landscape spread below
More fair than any picture, while as yet

Against my forehead gleamed the massy gold
Of untrod mines within the western clouds.
Deft unseen hands had broidered every hill.
Below was darkness ; all above was light.
The sky, a miracle of nameless hues,
I saw as one in an apocalypse.
Then like a sudden glory shot through gloom,
Upon my half-unconscious spirit burst
The boundless pity of the Universe.

IV.

SWEET NATURE HATH A BEING
LIKE OUR OWN.

SWEET nature hath a being like our own ;
She hath her joys, she hath her secret pain ;
She hath her memories, like the sad refrain
That haunts the heart when summer birds are
flown.
We cannot have our sorrows all alone,
But nature shares them ; when we weep, the rain,
Like tears, shines on the hill-side and the plain,
And when we laugh she echoes back our tone.

O myriad-hearted nature ! thine shall be
The reverence and the tender sacrifice
Of hearts that keep their first simplicity,
Such as we read in gentle maidens' eyes.
Though sight were blind, yet should our spirits see
In thee the semblance of God's Paradise.

V.

IF IT WERE.

LOVE, that thou lov'st me not, too well I know ;
Yet shouldst thou look to-night on my dead face
For the last time on earth, and there shouldst
trace
The silent meaning of a heavy woe,
Wouldst thou not feel a pang that it were so ?
Would not regret within thy heart find place,
That thou didst stay the guerdon and the grace
Thy lover so besought thee to bestow ?
Wouldst thou not feel a want unknown before ?
A something gone familiar grown so long ?

A vanished light—a ship gone from the shore—
A presence past from out the world's great
throng?
O Love, wouldst thou not miss the voice of yore?
The song-bird flown, wouldst thou not miss the
song?

VI.

FORESHADOWINGS.

Lo! in the valley, Love, the galingale
Bends to the blast beside the river-shore,
And autumn pipes forever more and more,
While summer's slender voices faint and fail.
Lo! now the liveried leaf grows sere and pale—
A phantom of the glory gone before—
And in the woodland walks we knew of yore
Long since the songster ceased his tuneful tale.
Love, let us love; life's summer waneth soon;
Brief is the splendor of its fervent day:
For every blood-red rose of balmy June
Hath burst a tender bud of early May.
I unto thee would consecrate a boon;
O shall we love, or shall we still delay?

VII.

GONE.

GONE—and the sunlight gone, and gone the stars,
And gone earth's beauty with her in the west,
There yonder past the purple mountain's crest,
And where the orange evening's lingering bars
Grow pale before the flaming front of Mars.

Gone—and gone with her all that seemeth best.

Gone—and my heart is dead within my breast;
Nay, cleft with doubts like fiery scimitars.

Gone—and the music gone from earth and sky.

Gone—and the heavens glow like molten brass.

Gone—and the restless winds are hot and dry,
And parched and thirsty is the land. Alas!

It were a sweet relief if I could die,

And lie at rest beneath the blackened grass.

VIII.

SUPPLICATION.

O God, and dost thou mock us when we cry ?
And wilt thou look upon our sharp distress
Neglectful of our utter helplessness,
Nor heed nor help us though we were to die ?
O takest thou no thought for those who lie
Stripped and half-dead with wounds and weariness
Among life's thorns, and wilt thou pitiless
Look on our hurts and pass us coldly by ?
O Thou who in thy Son didst feel the blow
Of palm and spiteful scourge, the speechless pain
Of loveless solitude—Thou who dost know
The unutterable pangs of being slain
Of love for love—O end my bitter woe !
Yea, let me die, if so to die be gain !

B*

IX.

UNREQUITED.

NOT to be loved by one on whom the soul
Dotes madly—not to feel the secret bliss—
The solemn, sweet, long, lingering lover's kiss,
And that fine ecstasy beyond control—
Is empty darkness and eternal dole.
To fondly press a warm white hand and miss
An answering pressure—in that soft abyss
Of eyes to mark no lovelight—in the troll
Of that rich speech to hear no tender word
To voice dear love—no spoken syllable
Responsive to the passionate heart to tell
Its wild and yearning language hath been heard;
That loudly hath been smitten love's deep chord—
Is utter madness worse than death and hell!

X.**A FEAR.****I.**

A WITHERING doubt hath seized upon my soul,
For thou mayst meet another, and forget
My lonely life—yea, think of me no more,
And walk the world with one will love thee less.

II.

O dark with dolor is the morning sky,
And sad the pomp of summer in its prime,
And chill the winds that o'er the wild white waste
Breathe desolation round the wintry world!

III.

Beyond creation's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the farthest star that whirls in space;
Beyond that sea of blue whose billows break
Upon a strand of worlds—were rest indeed!

XI.
DESOLATION.

I.

I KNOW, I know I may not go,
In wind and winter weather,
To seek a place where roses blow,
And lilies bloom together.

II.

I should not find them, and my gain
Would be a lost endeavor,
And empty hands and bitter pain,
Forever and forever.

III.

I cannot weep, though I would reap
The joyful harvest sown in tears;
I cannot put my heart to sleep
Against the coming years.

IV.

If love be taken from my heart,
Wouldst seek for bud or beauty there?
From love life cannot thrive apart
And bloom divinely fair.

XII.

A WINTER HOPE.

I.

O WINTER, thou art warm at heart ;
Thine every pulse doth throb and glow,
And thou dost feel life's joy and smart,
Beneath the blinding snow.

II.

Thine is the scent of bursting bud,
Of April shower and violet ;
Thou feelest spring in all thy blood
Yearn up like sweet regret.

III.

Afar thou hear'st the song of birds,
And seest the bloom on summer's cheek ;
Thou catch'st the lowing of the herds,
The laughter of the creek.

IV.

Bland breezes up the southern slope
Of June come burdened with the breath
Of roses fresh and fair as hope
Triumphant over death.

V.

O sweet and rare thy visions are—
The flashing scythe, the new-mown hay,
The reaper's dance beneath the star,
The splendor of the day ;

VI.

The shining grass, the peaceful stream,
The purple beauty of the hill—
No frost can blight thy blessed dream,
Thy heart no wind can chill.

VII.

And I—ah me! I too above
The winter of my sharp distress,
May catch the vision of summer love,
And outstretched hands that bless.

XIII.**BY THE SEA.**

O MAIDEN watching by the wide, strange sea,
Hast thou a lover sailing o'er the main ?
And dost thou feel the sweetly-bitter pain
Of a deferred but glad expectancy ?
O hast thou watched the sun climb joyfully
Up the red east, then slowly drop again
Down the red west and into darkness wane,
And still thy lover hath not come to thee ?
O maiden, let me take thy hand in mine,
And thou and I will sit together here,
And, gazing out across the bitter brine,
We'll mingle sob with sob and tear with tear ;
For both are watchers by the dim deep sea
Of human life and love and destiny.

XIV.

IN SPRING.

O LOVE, the bliss of spring is with us now ;
The scent of bursting buds is in the air ;
The panting bosom of the earth is bare,
She hath a crown of flowers on her brow.
List ! music drops like rain from every bough,
And sounds of merry-making everywhere
Salute mine ears, and all the world is fair
With blush and bloom, but thou art fairer, thou !
O Love, come down from yonder sunless height ;
Come down, O Love, for here are songs of mirth,
And love is here, and here are life and light,
But where thou sittest only Pride hath birth.
O Love, descend and gladden on my sight,
And dazzle with thy beauty all the earth !

XV.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

I.

BLUE little flower from the sunny dell,
Where yesterday I plucked thee all alone,
Go to her, tell her that I love her well,
And all life's still deep music is mine own.

II.

Go to her, take the message that I give;
It were far better that her soft blue eyes
Should shine one moment on thee than to live
So brief a life beneath uncertain skies.

III.

Go, in thine eloquence of beauty blest;
Go, and if haply it should fall thy lot
To lie one blissful instant on her breast,
In thy sweet language say, Forget me not.

XVI.

THE MINIATURE.

Two starry eyes, from out a floating dusk
Of cloud-like drapery, with a shadowy light
Of royal meekness in their depths, to-night
Gleam on mine own, and fragrance of rose-musk
Steals round me. Softly each red lip doth busk
The other to a tender pout, and might
That veil be lifted from her shoulders white
By other hands, they were too harsh and brusque.
O little face shut in these ivory walls!
Like evening's single star to shipwrecked eyes
That keep their weary watch when twilight falls,
Or whitely distant sails that slowly rise
With hope and rescue in their signal calls—
So came ye to me, crowned with glad surprise!

XVII.

LOVE'S CONSOLATION.

I stood to-day beside her mother's tomb—
 Her mother, who died when my Love was young;
 And thought, when all is said and all is sung,
 Is this the end of all life's bliss and bloom?
 O this the end—decay, and dust and gloom?
 The heart forever still, and still the tongue,
 Gone triumph and despair, the last knell rung,
 Deep rest and sleep, deep rest, nor doubt nor
 doom?
 O what thy largess, life, if this be all?
 The guerdon what of every earthly ill?
 Ah! Hope were blind, and vainly would she call,
 And Faith were impotent to do her will
 If this the end: but sweeter lot must fall;
 Love whispereth, Beyond is something still!

XVIII.

DEATH'S MYSTERY.

O DEATH, thou mystery of folded hands,
And pulseless heart, and unresponsive lips,
What secret dost thou hide in the eclipse
Of thy dread presence? O, from out all lands;
Beneath all skies; from ocean's wreck-strewn
 strands,
Where bones lie bleaching by the shattered
 ships;
From out the engulfing wave that softly slips
With treacherous kisses up the yellow sands;
From world-old battle-fields, whereon hath bled
And died earth's heroes; from the quiet green
Of country church-yards; from the narrow bed
Of many a long-forgotten king and queen—
There cometh no whisper from the countless dead
To tell what they have felt, or heard, or seen.

XIX.

I KNOW THEE, DEATH.

I KNOW thee, death, thou 'rt he who once did lay
Some potent spell on a dear friend of mine,
And then the light of love surceased to shine
In the fixed eyes, and slowly died away
From the pale lips the words that love would say,
Nor kiss nor call could win a single sign
Of recognition. Yea, I know thee, thine,
O death, is the all-mighty power to slay.
What terrible enchantment dost thou weave,
Thou fleshless sorcerer, that they who fall
Under thy subtle influence cannot cleave
The invisible bonds that bind them?—Nay, not
all
The strenuous cries of those who sorely grieve
Can pierce the silence of thine earthy pall.

XX.

DEATH AND NIGHT.

THE bearded grass waves in the summer breeze ;
The sunlight sleeps along the distant hills ;
Faint is the music of the murmuring rills,
And faint the drowsy piping of the bees.
The languid leaves scarce stir upon the trees,
And scarce is heard the clangor of the mills
In the far distance, and the high sharp trills
Of the cicada die upon the leas.
O death—what art thou? Hast thou peace like
this?
Or, underneath the daisies, out of sight,
Hast thou in keep some higher, calmer bliss?
Ah me! 'tis pleasant to behold the light,
And missing this, O death, would we not miss
That weariness which makes us love the night?

XXI.

BRING THEM NOT BACK.

YET, O my friend—pale conjuror, I call
Thee friend—bring, bring the dead not back
again,
Since for the tears, the darkness and the pain
Of unrequited friendship—for the gall
That hatred mingles with fond love—for all
Life's endless turmoil, bitterness and bane,
Thou hast given dreamless rest. Still let the
rain,
And sunshine, and the dews from heaven fall
Upon the graves of those whose peaceful eyes
Thy breath hath sealed forever. Let the song
Of summer birds be theirs, and in the skies
Let the pale stars keep vigil all night long.
O death, call not the holy dead to rise,
Again to feel the cold world's ruth and wrong.

XXII.

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

NURSED up in loneliness ; with mine own soul
The one companion of my days and hours ;
Fed on the light of nature, as the flowers
Are fed on the invisible motes that roll
Through the quick ether ; feeling the control
Of that God-Man who once with matchless
powers
Trode the far hills of Galilee, who towers
High on his cross above the shining goal
That this world's martyrs die to win ; alone,
Yet not alone, my heart hath converse had
With earth's great sages : the inarticulate tone
Of singing birds, the murmur sweet and sad
Of meadow streams—O Love, these things have
grown
Into my life ; yet love alone makes glad.

XXIII.

RETURNED.

I.

How all the weary months have fled
I scarcely know ; I only knew
That still the rose its petals shed,
The sun still drank the dew.

II.

And thou art come, and with thee light
And love and beauty back to earth ;
O bloom and fruitage after blight,
Abundance after dearth !

XXIV.

A JEWEL.

I.

LOVE, shouldst thou bid me pluck down out of
heaven,
To blaze within those glorious locks of thine—
Gems never queen yet wore—the shining Seven,
I could not gain them ; I am not divine.

II.

If thou shouldst bid me plunge into the deep,
And seek a pearl such as no human eye
E'er saw, or mortal dreamed of in his sleep,
I could not win it, though I were to die.

III.

Yet such a jewel as time cannot defile,
Nor thieves break through and steal, nor fortune
dull,
I give thee, and thou spurnest with a smile
Severely cold yet chastely beautiful.

XXV.

LOVE'S MIST.

As mountains folded in a misty veil
Are hidden when the heaven makes complaint,
Their beauty seen not, save where, few and faint,
The wondrous colors glimmer ghostly pale ;
Nor seen the lovely tints that downward trail
From airy heights no human hand could paint,
Nor beauteous shapes that, without flaw or taint,

Across the living landscape slowly sail :
So, shrouded in the mists of thy reserve,
 O Love, not thy true loveliness appears ;
Nor tender glow of eyes, nor dainty curve
 Of smiling lip, nor song for lover's ears.
Love, surely thou wouldst true love's meed de-
 serve!
I see not half thy beauty for my tears.

XXVI.**A LOVER'S PSALM.****I.**

WHAT if the morn no more should break,
And all the stars should cease to shine,
Wouldst thou still love for dear love's sake,
And count love's light divine?

II.

If all the hills stood sunset-flushed,
And o'er them, breathing summer air,
Bright Beauty like a goddess blushed,
Wouldst thou hold love more fair?

III.

And, ah! what if the flowers were not,
And hues should fade from sea and sky?
Wouldst still grant love a happier lot,
Though such sweet things could die?

IV.

What if the music of the spheres,
Mixed with Amphion's mellow lute,
Should softly strike on mortal ears,
Wouldst bid love's voice be mute?

V.

Or if the morning stars made moan,
And birds were dumb for evermore,
Wouldst thou believe love's troubled tone
Less tender than before?

VI.

Ah, Love! bring me no bridal dower,
Save love that hath its own delight
Beyond a song, or star, or flower,
For love is infinite.

XXVII.

A VIGIL.

I.

Down by the shore of the gray-lipped sea,
Down where the caverns are dark and deep,
Where the white gull screams when the wind goes
free,
And the breakers roar and the mad waves leap,
I sat, and the moon was a mystery,
And the world was lost in sleep.

II.

I heard no sound from the outer vast,
Though the spirit of storms was wild that night;
I heard no sound from the dreadful past,
Though a loud voice wailed from that land of
blight;
I knew death rode on the bitter blast,
But my heart was calm and light.

III.

For a thought of the morning came,
And the pulse in my bosom beat
Like a melody born of a musical name,
And the time grew strangely sweet;
And my life rose up like a fragrant flame,
And a blossoming world at my feet.

IV.

O sorrow was on the sea that night,
And death in its awful din,
And the white gull screamed in her lonely flight,
But my soul was calm within;
For life had climbed to a holier height,
And love was free from sin.

XXVIII.

THE MORNING COMETH.

I.

O SAD the night to tired eyes
Long burdened with the weight of tears;
But sweet the blush of eastern skies,
When morning's light appears.

II.

Yet sweeter far, when death's dark night
Hath sealed on earth our aching eyes,
To see in heaven God's glorious light
Leap up immortal skies.

XXIX.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

HOPE in the orient, hope faint and pale ;
Cheat not thyself, O heart, lest faith should fail,
Nor cheat despair :
Hope is not always kind.
Yon lark, whose music thrills the morning air,
Whose winnowing pinions cleave the sobbing
wind—
The wordless prayer
Of weary earth for rest—
Is surer sign unto the tired sight,
Tired of watching through the long sad night
For tardy dawn to light the starless skies,
Than yon uncertain white.

O heart, stir not within my breast,
Stir not, O heart, by night so long oppressed,
Lest yonder hint of morning cheat mine eyes.
Sweet Pity hath assumed a strange disguise,
Sweet Pity to proud love so near akin ;
For yesternorn, as through the fields I walked,
When all the world rang with the joyful din
Of wingèd voices in the earth and sky,
I met her—her, the loveliest in the land,
And, with a soft compassion in her eye,
She gave the small white lily of her hand .
To me, who hearkened dumbly while she talked ;
And though I cannot now recall her words,
I could not hear for her sweet voice the birds.
Ah me ! Ah me !
The very grass was grand,
The very grass o'er which she moved away,
And heaven drew nearer earth that golden day.

XXX.

HEART'S-EASE.

I.

LIFE must have its dreary days ;
Heart, look up, be brave and strong !
Darkened all thy devious ways,
Lost thy hopes in life's dim maze,
Yet shall blame give way to praise,
Right shall surely conquer wrong.

II.

Is it grievous to remember ?
Brings the past a bitter boon ?
Cover up each old dead ember
Of the long, long past November
And the chill and dark December ;
Naught can gloom the smile of June.

III.

This the lesson of the flower—
All who wait wait not in vain :
Fret not, then, when shadows lower ;
Whether sunshine, whether shower,
Know that in the darkest hour
Pleasure follows after pain.

c*

INTERLUDE.

I SAW in heaven a solitary star
Rise out of darkness clothed in living light,
And speed its shining message from afar,
Across the lonely chaos of the night.
The lesser Bear about the boreal pole,
Like a worn traveller on a weary march,
Had in its cycle well-nigh ceased to roll,
And pale the stars grew in that world-wide arch.
But now, when other lustres had waxed dim,
And night was burden in the depth of space,
Up from behind the faint horizon's rim
Arose a fuller glory into place.
And there it burned, with radiance newly born,
Till night her ebon wings had closely furled,
And in the east the ruddy light of morn
Shook like a sudden splendor o'er the world.
O blessed lesson! In life's troubled night,
From out the darkness shall arise a hope
That, crescent, shall grow brighter and more bright,
Till through the gloom we shall no longer grope:

No longer grope ; and upon aching eyes
 Shall strike the morn, and night shall pass away,
And from behind the veil, across the skies,
 Shall burst the dawn of Love's eternal day.

PART III.—MORNING.

I.

AT DAWN.

I.

THE long night draweth to its close ;
Behold ! the daybreak doth appear,
And in the east the orange-rose
Of morning shineth clear.

II.

The dew-drop glistens on the spray,
And o'er the lush green meadow grass,
Parting the folded mists away,
The whistling reapers pass.

III.

With mellow voice of milk-maid blends
The lowing of the distant kine,
And faintly down the hollow glens
Morn's dying star doth shine.



MORNING.

Thou art morning may endure one better night,
To be born with the dawning of the light,
And give us all brightness, O Sacred One,
Thou art the light, and thou art me on, thou knowest best

III.—MOP

I.

AT DAWN

I.

That draweth forth the daybreak
That draweth forth the daybreak
That draweth forth the daybreak
That draweth forth the daybreak
That draweth forth the daybreak.

II.

That draweth forth the daybreak
That draweth forth the daybreak
That draweth forth the daybreak
That draweth forth the daybreak
That draweth forth the daybreak.



MORNING.

THOUGH weeping may endure one bitter night,
Joy cometh with the dawning of the light;
Forgive my faithlessness, O Saviour blest;
Henceforth lead thou me on, thou knowest best.

IV.

O sweet to feel the life of dawn
The bounding pulses thrill along,
And sweet to hear, o'er lea and lawn,
The songster's matin song.

V.

And sweet to see, when storm and night
Are past, the day-star beam above ;
Ah ! Paradise is surely light,
And God eternal love !

II.

DOWN THE LANE.

I.

BLOSSOM here at my feet,
Muffled in mosses and fern,
O was it not here that she passed to the street,
With a gracious bow, as I saw her turn,
And a marvellous smile and sweet ?

II.

O here in your still retreat,
 Blooming in beauty alone,
No fairer flower than you, I weet,
 In a royal robe has shone ;
And yet her array was more complete,
 And her beauty rarer blown.

III.

Now tell me if she be true ;
 Your petals shall prophesy ;
'Tis meet that they should, for they are blue,
 And blue is her beautiful eye ;
Yea, blossom, bluer than you,
 And bluer than yon blue sky ;—
Not false—ah, now what shall I do ?
 Sweet thing, I fear that you lie !

III.

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

I.

No slight boon have the changeful years
Brought unto thee, O virgin heart !
As flowers wet with dewy tears,
I watch the buds of hope dispart,
While April merges into May,
Thy life's sweet April,
Love.

II.

This is the time when roses bloom,
And thee, my rose, my fairest flower,
My one sweet blossom in the gloom
My own life hath foreboding shower,
I greet upon thy natal day ;
Spurn not the greeting,
Love.

III.

Life of my life, love of my love,
Bless God for thy nativity!
Thou art my star, my hope, my dove,
My life is staid in thee.
Fold thou no meed from me away;
Love's guerdon, Love, is
Love!

IV.

LOVE BROOKS NOT DELAY.

DAYS and sennights, months and years—
Time hath known no lapse;
Gloom and glory, smiles and tears—
Many are love's mishaps.
Blight and blossom, frost and fire—
Beauty fadeth fast;
Love consumeth of desire;
Summer soon is past.
Dawn and darkness, morn and eve—
Golden locks and gray;
Hearts that wait can only grieve;
Love brooks not delay!

V.

A MEMORY.

I.

It cometh again and again—
The ghost of a melody ;
With an under-sound of secret pain
In its oft-repeated, faint refrain—
The song that she sang to me.

II.

The song of yesternight ;
An idyl pathetic and sweet ;
A song that rose with a strange delight,
Till it fell like a wounded bird in flight—
And I knelt in tears at her feet.

III.

I hear it, and still shall hear ;
The voice of a day that is past ;
With its hidden pain, and hope, and fear,
'Twill haunt my life with its sorrowful cheer,
Till I die at her feet, at last !

VI.

INCOGNITO.

Lo ! I wander in a maze :
Laughing lip, and grieving eye ;
Smiling blame, and frowning praise—
Strange and wondrous are love's ways,
Evermore a mystery !

VII.

AN IDYL OF LIFE.

I.

LOVE, if beyond the azure overhead
There be a place where happy spirits meet,
Nor marriage is, nor tears, nor any dead,
To die how passing sweet !

II.

Past all the cruel fever and the pain ;
Past barren hopes, and plans, and foolish fears ;
Past all annoy, to die indeed were gain—
The meed of longing tears.

III.

Only to sleep a long and dreamless sleep,
Nor heed the sunshine, nor the gentle showers,
Nor shepherd's song, nor sheep-bell on the steep,
Nor smell the fragrant flowers ;

IV.

Only to sleep, nor see the summer sky ;
To sleep, nor feel the joy that life can give—
Ah, Love, though it may be a gain to die,
Yet it is sweet to live !

VIII.

SONG.

I.

IF thou be true, dear Heart,
Or false, I cannot tell ;
I know how beautiful thou art,
I know I love thee well ;
I know I'm sad when thou art sad,
And more than glad when thou art glad.

II.

And yet, I would not keep
Thee from one pang or pain,
If, sown in sorrow, thou shouldst reap
Of good one golden grain ;
For so the seed, sown tearfully,
In flowers of light should gathered be.

IX.

LEAVE ME NOT YET.

I.

LEAVE me not yet, O Love,
Leave me not yet ;
The acacia and the columbine
With dew are scarcely wet,
And yonder stately eglantine
Still wooes the mignonette ;
Not yet, O Love, not yet !

II.

Delay a moment, Love,
O make delay !

In purple chambers of the west
We'll watch the dying day,
And from the foreland and the height
Scare shadowy night away.
Delay, O Love, delay!

III.

Haste not to go, dear Love,
O make no haste!
Not yet the lily foldeth up
Her sweetness—art more chaste?
Not yet doth modest Dian fleet
Across the dusky waste.
Dear Love, O make no haste!

IV.

Heed not the darkness, Love,
Nor shadows heed;
I see faint Hesper in the heaven,
And the firefly in the mead;
But if thou leave me now, O Love,
Then cometh night indeed.
O Love, give night no heed!

XI.

MORNING SONG.

I.

STAR of the morning, arise!

Arise in the light of thy love;

Faintly the dawn in the orient skies

Awakes from its dreaming the dove.

O Love,

Shine on the dark world with thine eyes!

II.

Come out from the dim land of dreams;

Come out, for the dawning is near;

In the heart of the lily the dew-drop gleams,

In the eye of the rose is a tear.

Ah, dear,

Aurora's light already beams.

III.

She cometh from over the sea,

And a hint of her coming was heard,

When the flowers unfolded o'er woodland and lea,

And a song shook the breast of a bird;

It stirred

The whole sleeping world, save thee.

IV.

O blithe is the voice of the rill,
 And the print of the sandaled feet
 Of Morning shines on yonder hill,
 And the day goes far and fleet,
 O sweet
 The day—and thou slumberest still!

XII.

FIOR DI LEVANTE.

I.

I THINK thou canst not be, Love, what thou art,
 Or if so be, thou seemest more than all,
 For when thou speak'st I hear the blithe birds
 call,
 And in this there is something which is part
 Of yon blue cope and ruddy shafts that dart
 From out the sunset, of the mountains tall,
 Of laughing brook and loud-voiced waterfall,
 And e'en the love that blossoms in my heart.
 I hear in sobbing of the solemn sea,
 In sighing shell upon the silent shore,

D

7

In distant song of stars, in whispering lea,
A frail, faint music I have known before—
A voice like unto thine, yet not of thee,
For than all these thou still art something more.

II.

O Love, thou art a part of that rich flower
Which there in light unfolds a purple bloom ;
Whose delicate aroma fills my room
With hints of thine own meekly regal power.
Ah, yes! I know thee now ; for but this hour,
Athwart the sunlight there, with fine perfume
A shadow fell from out the purple gloom—
As falls the mist-blue light when tempests lower—
And took a shape of fragrance, which was thine.
O Zante! thou and my sweet Love are one!
O Zante! it is said thou art divine ;
For thou in Hyacinthus' blood wast sown
In loveliness, and like this Love of mine
Art beautiful, as she is Beauty's own!

XIII.

APOLOGY.

I.

O WHAT a life to live, dear,
If love were not, if love were not!
Or what might Heaven give, dear,
Of sweeter lot, of sweeter lot?
No angel form in woman's guise,
To give the great world birth,
With hidden wings and holy eyes
Might meekly walk the earth.

II.

O what a death to die, dear,
Bereft of love, bereft of love!
For torn the fondest tie, dear,
What hope above, what hope above?
Ah, weary were the years, I trow,
If close within the heart
We kept no shrine where we might bow
From all the world apart.

XIV.

THIS TRUTH THE WORLD'S.

THIS truth the world's, that whoso loves is free ;
No cankering fetters mar his glad estate ;
That happy man who finds indeed his mate
Mounts straightway up into eternity.
He is not slave to time, nor trouble he ;
Not bondman unto any cruel fate ;
He knoweth not the pain of those who wait
For that which never was and cannot be.
Free of the free, and blessed of the blest ;
Prince-prophet who hath a divine foretaste
Of that rich joy which spirits feel above ;
Glad heart that entereth early into rest ;
Blithe pilgrim o'er life's drear and desert waste,
Thou art immortal. Yea, for God is love !

XV.

SONG.

O ROSES, Love, are blushing red,
And bright the lily's bloom ;
And sweet and rare, beyond compare,
The morning's rich perfume.
A braver beauty never shone
Beneath serener skies,
And ne'er have blown in tint and tone
Blooms of diviner dyes ;
And thou too, Love, art fairer grown
To love-anointed eyes.

XVI.

LOVE'S HEALING.

I.

WHY should thy songs be ever gay,
O love so full of grief and pain ?
I sing another song to-day
That hath a sad refrain ;
A little lay
Like tender April rain.

II.

Love's tears make love's bright blossoms grow—
O blessed be the frequent showers!
Nor summer sun, nor winter snow,
Can yield such priceless dowers:
It rains, and lo!
The earth is full of flowers.

III.

A cloud, like an unwelcome truth,
Oft in its bosom bears a boon
We wis not of until, forsooth,
It droppeth like a tune,—
O heart of ruth,
Like dew in nights of June.

IV.

Come shine or shower, come bliss or bane,
What matter, if they healing bring?
Love binds but with a golden chain,
Each link a wedding ring.
O happy twain
Who weep, and weeping sing!

XVII.**LOVE'S MIRROR.**

Go to thy mirror, Love, where thou mayest view
The rose of beauty blooming in thy face,
And chide me not that, dazzled by thy grace,
I give thee praise thou countest not thy due.
A lovelier lip than thine I never knew,
And never life in fairer form found place,
And Time, methinks, were he but to erase
One lovely line forevermore must rue.
O love were slain of love, if in thy pride
Of secrecy thou shouldst veil every charm,
And that whereof he thrives to love denied,
Himself must to himself do mortal harm :
Nay look, Love, in thy glass, nor longer chide
When love in passionate praises waxeth warm.

XVIII.**SONG.****I.**

FLY, robin, fly !
Fly to the nest of thy love ;

Fly, for the evening star is on high,
And the moon is over the grove.
Fly, robin, fly away,
For night is come with shadows gray,
O fly away, away !

II.

Fly, robin, fly !
Fly at the call of thy mate ;
Fly, for the darkness covers the sky,
And it is hard to wait.
Fly, robin, do not stay ;
Hush ! it is no longer day ;
O haste away, away !

III.

Go, O foolish heart !
Go, with the robin's flight ;
No longer keep from truth apart ;
Go, seek thy Love to-night.
O hasten, heart, away ;
They only lose who make delay ;
O heart, away, away !

XIX.

REVELATION.

I.

GREAT God! what was it gave me utterance
To-night, and nerved my heart, that I did dare
To brave my fate, and blindly throttle chance,
And gain a good that seems too great to bear?

II.

O peace and plenty after plague and dearth!
Not wholly dark the world, nor drear the way;
God, grant I may not fail from off the earth,
Nor find that I have dreamed with breaking day!

XX.

CAROL.

NIGHT from the dark world
Her mantle hath drawn,
And low on thy lattice, Love,
Trembles the dawn.

D*

Morn from the orient
Cometh in pride
Of saffron and crimson,
And fair as a bride.
In thy garden the roses
Are lying awake,
And never a moment
Of slumber they take;
They glow with the tidings
They bear, Love, for thee—
A message of morning
From over the sea.
O tarry no longer
With dull-lidded sleep;
Fly the false visions
That have thee in keep!
Rise in thy loveliness,
Morning-to-be;
Lo, I am waiting, Love,
Dawn thou on me!

XXI.

ALL' ALBA.

I.

'Twas morning, and the western sky was dark ;
 'Twas morning, and the west was drowned in
 gloom ;
But in the east, as if a rose did bloom
Within the doubtful darkness, grew a mark
Of rosy light and spread in a wide arc,
 And higher up the heavens slowly clomb.
Then those great clouds that in the west did
 loom
Were sundered quite and vanished. A swift lark
Rose from the meadow straight up in the sky,
 And from his breast upbubbled a sweet song
That fainter grew and fainter, as more high
 He rose, yet seemed in rapture to prolong,
Until in heaven it did fail and die,
 Below re-echoed by a countless throng.

III.

The world is very warm and full of light ;
Ay, full of light and beauty and of song ;
I cannot understand how I so long
Have shivered 'neath the sombre wings of Night.
I cannot find a thing that is not bright
And glowing with the gladness of a strong
Great love, and on the earth there is no wrong,
Nor mildew, sorrow, care, nor any blight.
There is a music o'er the whole wide world,
And choral voices hymning in love's sphere,
And like the Sphinx, Despair her wings hath furled,
And very dull and heavy is her ear ;
Within my heart there lies a hope impearled—
A new-found hope : O joy is everywhere !

XXII.

LOVE DOTH NOT IN CASTLES
DWELL.

I.

LOVE doth not in castles dwell,
Nor in cot nor palace he ;
Not on land nor on the sea,
Nor by flood nor fell.

II.

Love is neither here nor there ;
Not in cradle, not in grave,
Not in dungeon with the slave :
Love is everywhere.

III.

Love is not a poet's dream ;
'Tis not that, nor is it this—
Pain or pleasure, bale or bliss ;
Neither gloom nor gleam.

IV.

Love cannot be told by years ;
Never young, and never old ;
Never bought, and never sold,
Save for smiles or tears.

V.

Not below, nor yet above ;
Neither is he bond nor free ;
Lo, behold the mystery :
Love is—only love !

XXIII.

A SONG OF THE SUNSET.

I.

LIST, Love, oh list !
Hear'st thou the voice of the trees ?
Hear'st thou the music of the mist
Stealing along the leas ?
O, sweet yon orange light
Against the deep sky's blue repose,
And bland the breath of the summer night,
And rare the scent of the rose.

II.

Look, Love, oh look
At the silvery shine of the stars,
Beginning to tremble where lately shook
The sunset's crimson bars.
And there in the deepening dusk,
Across the billowy lawn,
The lilies lie in a dream of musk,
Awaiting the dewy dawn.

III.

O Love, the night is come,
And where the reeds and rushes quiver
The voices of the day are dumb,
O'er hill and field and river;
And nature's fairest gems are strown
Adown that radiant way,
The spicy breath of morn is blown,
Upon earth's bridal day.

IV.

Sleep, Love, oh sleep!
For night on the weary world
Hath flitted down yon azure steep,
And her dew-wet wings are furled;
O tenderly on tired eyes
She lays her shadowy hand,
And rich the balm and sweet the calm
O'er all the quiet land.

XXIV.

OVERWROUGHT.

LAST night, beneath the summer stars we stood,
And with her fragrant breath against my cheek,
I twined her hair in fashion of the Greek,
And from the roses round about us strewed
I made for her a crown as red as blood.

The fountain rose from out the white swan's beak
And fell with music; still she did not speak,
Nor did I break the silence of her mood,
But marked the humor of her maiden art.

She stood with eyes downcast, and I could
hear—

Or fancied so—the beating of her heart.

She stooped to pluck a red rose growing near,
And as she thrust the thorny boughs apart,
I kissed her peerless cheek, and lo, a tear!

XXV.

DOUBTED.

I

WHAT! dost thou doubt me, Love?
Have I waited, then, in vain?
Doth naught that I suffered prove
My passion is deeper than pain?
Constant when thou didst scorn;
Patient when thou didst spurn;
Hoping, though hope of hope were shorn;
Is there something still to learn?

II.

Nor time, nor space, nor circumstance
Can make or mar again;
A sovereign ordered not of chance,
Love is not slave to men.
Yet fearest thou that he will change,
Now love to love is kind?
Ah, thou forgettest he may not range,
For love was always blind!

XXVI.

THE GIFT.

SEE what I bring to thee, dear Love, dear Love,
To type the pure affection of my heart;
I might not bring an earnest to impart
How pure it is so well as this white dove.
And yet were I to seek by this to prove
My innocence of any specious art,
I might defeat myself and in the part
Of arrant knave, or fool, or jester move.
O yet believe me by this snow-white bird—
By every agony that doth inure
The heart to waiting and to hope deferred—
By every hope that ever did endure
Against a blighting scorn or bitter word—
My trust is loyal, my affection pure!

XXVII.

FORBEARANCE.

THAT I should love thee seemeth, Love, most meet;
For who that once hath looked in thy true eye,
And felt thy maiden soul's white purity,
Could other than do homage at thy feet?
But, ah! I wonder, Love, when I repeat
Love's oft-told tale and to thee madly cry,
Thou dost not spurn my presence utterly,
Or swiftly from my passionate arms retreat.
O Love, that I should even dare to hear
One uttered syllable of thine, or hold
For one brief moment thy warm hand, nor fear
To sit beside thee, seemeth overbold.
Ah! lover never yet was suffered near
A mortal maid of so divine a mould!

XXVIII.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

LOVE, should I find thee other than I deem—
Less noble than I hold thee in my thought—
Then might the potent spell which love hath
wrought
Fade like the baseless tissues of a dream.
For if thou be not that which thou dost seem,
My reason to my reason this hath taught—
That though thou be with outward beauty
fraught,
It can no want of inward grace redeem.
But, ah! I wrong thee by this cruel doubt,
That ever thou couldst so dissimulate;
And now my love-wise heart doth reason flout,
That he should dare presume on love's estate;
And sorely pressed in an inglorious rout,
He flies the field and yields the spoil to fate.

XXIX.

RECOMPENSE.

I.

OUT of the darkness, out of the night,
Out of the shadows of dole and dread,
Out of the bitterness, out of the blight;
O joy! let the dead past bury its dead.

II.

For the hurt there is healing; for the weary ones
rest;
Comfort for those who in loneliness weep;
Lo! the last sun sinks away in the west,
And so He doth give His beloved ones sleep.

III.

Large is the guerdon, O Life, that thou givest;
Recompense sweeter than rest there is none;
O heart, it is thine, be glad that thou livest!
Sweet, sweet is the calm when the tempest is
done!

XXX.

EPINICION.

I.

AND thou art mine, and mine are love and peace ;
Yea, thou and these are mine forevermore ;
The cold dark winter of my life is o'er,
And spring comes in crowned with the year's in-
crease.

II.

Yea, mine for time and for eternity ;
To keep and cover here within my heart
Through all the years, and nevermore to part—
Nay, death could not dissever thee and me !

III.

Mine only, and the night is overpast ;
Mine, and the morning moves upon the sky ;
Mine, mine alone ! O joy to live or die !
Through flood and fire to the palm at last !

L'ENVOY.**AN AUTUMN SONG.****I.**

O HEARKEN, Love, across the moat,
And up the flaming dingle,
The lusty songs of reapers float,
And sheep-bells faintly mingle.
The gorse upon the hill-side burns,
And o'er the purple heather
The yellow sunlight softly yearns
Through this October weather.

II.

Adown the aisles of yonder wold,
Dear Love, do you remember
How gladly, hand in hand, we strolled
And thought not of December?
But now the golden-rods alone
Stand in the sun and shiver,
Where then a summer glory shone
By brook and rill and river.

III.

O Love, we will not wail the past,
Though autumn cometh quickly,
And round the heart death's icy blast
Shall sow its sorrows thickly ;
For in God's heaven the winter comes
With desolation never,
But there perennial summer blooms
Forever and forever.

THE END.

